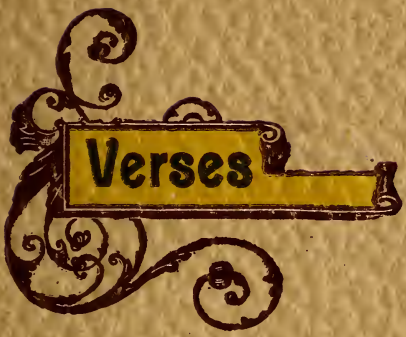

PRIVATELY
PRINTED
BY
WILL BUCKNER,
SPRINGFIELD,
MO.

For the gratification of my own vanity and the annoyance of my dear friends, this little book has come to light. It is largely a compromise—I have printed a few and burned the remainder. I may not merit anything by the former action, but I expect to come in for a good round applause for the latter.

VERSES

To b. and b.

OF NATURE

1

Here are flowers,
Dews and showers,
Humming-birds and honeyed bowers;
Hark! Hark!
The meadow-lark
His happy matin ringing,
Through all the dewy morning hours
He's whistling and he's singing.

By yonder falls
A robin calls,
His downy family waking;
And there is heard
The mocking-bird,
The forest silence breaking,
With carols such as angels know,
The sweetest music making.

2

O the sunny, sunny weather!
My spirits bound
To every sound
When I behold
The summer's gold
In the sunny, sunny weather.

O the sunny, sunny weather!
How full of bloom
Is Nature's room,
Of budding plant
And birds that chant
In the sunny, sunny weather.

O the sunny, sunny weather!
When I am lain
Beneath the plain,
O may the time
Be summer's prime,
In the sunny, sunny weather.

3

The sound, the sound, the rapterous sound
That fills my heart to flowing,
Is that sweet hum of coming spring,
When bud and bloom are blowing.

The little buds, they daily grow,
Their sweetness fast completing;
And when they ope their tiny eyes
How joyous is the greeting.

In every bush a songster sits
And pipes his little ditty;
And not to feel the joy of all,
It were, indeed, a pity.

4

Come with me, come with me,
Where sings the ploughman.
There shall you hear and see
Naught but is common.

Come to the meadows fair
Where buds are springing.
Bluebells are growing there,
Sweet birds are singing.

Come with me, come with me
Thro' the sweet clover,
There will our future be
When life is over.

5

What is it he singeth,
What is it he bringeth,
This happy new-comer of field and of wood?
He singeth a song
Of the summer days long;
But rarely, indeed, is his note understood.

He bringeth a pleasure,
He bringeth a treasure
Of sweet-noted song that he pipes all the day,
And joyful the part
Of the ear and the heart,
That catch the rare wisdom that burdens his lay.

High in the tree swinging,
High through the air winging,
This happy new-comer of field and of wood,
He singeth a song
Of the summer days long,
But rarely, indeed, is his note understood.

6

List to the waterfall,
Sadly its murmurs call,
From the deep river.
Do they not seem to say,
"Oceans have swept away,
Still must my billows stay
Rolling forever?"

In the still hush of night,
Then shine its waters bright,
Solemnly pouring.
At the gray dawn of day
Still do its billows play,
With a high flaunt of spray
Still are they roaring.

List to the murmured sound
From the low underground
In the deep river.
Does it not seem to say,
"Oceans have swept away,
Still must my billows stay,
Rolling forever?"

7

'Twas in the joyous month of May,
Upon a dewy morning,
That Nature opened up her fair,
With bud and bloom adorning.

Oh wonderful, indeed, was it,
With treasures rich and rare;
For all that's sweet and beautiful
Was represented there.

Thro' all the summer months it ran,
And thro' the autumn's gold;
And never was a fair of man
So wonderous to behold.

8

In the sunny weather,
In the spreading tree,
Little leaves together
Couldn't quite agree.
With a flirt and flutter,
All began to mutter,
In the sunny weather,
In the spreading tree.

Autumn with his sickle
Soon began to mow,
And the quarrelers fickle
Were the first to go.
Red and brown and yellow
Were the colors seen,
And each separate fellow
Doffed a coat of green.

In the chilly weather,
Neath the barren tree,
Little leaves together,
Learned to well agree.
When the blast was sighing
Snugly were they lying,
In the autumn weather,
Neath the barren tree.

9

Here in this wood is Nature's grandest spot.
Among these rocks, in this low miner's cot,
Do worldly cares and troubles haunt me not.

Here could I wish when life shall be no more,
To enter back thro' Nature's spacious door,
The great unknown from whence I came before

To lay me down among these mountains gray,
My ashes mingling with their freighted clay,
My spirit biding here the Judgment-day.

10

I love to stray
A summer's day,
Upon the water's edge,
And hear the brook,
In every nook,
Go trickling thro' the ledge.

I love to hear
The hum and whir
Of insects in the air.
I love to see
The busy bee,
And roses everywhere.

I love to view
The morning dew,
And hear the partridge call,
And everything
In budding spring,
I love and reverence all.

11

Among the Rockies O,
Among the mountains gray,
Where chattering rivers flow
And crystal fountains play.

Where peak to peak converse,
And pine to aspen nod,
And all the universe
Doth seem the work of God.

There could I wish to go,
To pass my days away,
Among the Rockies O,
Among the mountains gray.

12

O happy, happy month of May,
Why do you haste so soon away,
    With bud and bloom and blossom?

Oh! I could weep with bended head,
To see these flowers crisp and dead,
    And sear upon my bosom!

They mind me of departed days,
And herald Death's approaching ways,
When I may sing no more your praise,
    Sweet bud and bloom and blossom.

13

I stood beside a stormy sea,
  And heard its solemn roar.
I walked beneath a catarack,
  And heard the torrent pour.
And in my heart there seemed to grow
  A reverence for their laughter,
And in my ears I heard the flow
  For many a long day after.

How gravely did it seem to call,
  The ocean to the shore.
How gravely did the waterfall
  Repeat the solemn roar.
And when the years have come and [gone,
  And Death has numbered me,
Still will that murmur haunt me on
  Through all futurity.

14

There's a story in the mountains
And a voice in the fountains
That I hear.
I hear the pinery calling,
Where the cataract is falling,
And it's music, tho' appalling,
To my ear.

Where the mountain stream is pouring
And the cataract is roaring,
Would I be.
By the rapid flowing river,
Where the pine and aspen quiver,
And the waters roll forever
To the sea.

15

Piping, piping all the day
Sings the mocking-bird.
From a lofty elder spray
Is his music heard.
All the little buds that be
Ope their tiny eyes,
Wondering at the melody
Coming from the skies.

Such a fund of happy lays,
Sweetly sung and coy,
Mindest me of the merry days
When I was a boy.
And beneath the spreading tree
Idly stretched am I,
Wondering at the melody
Coming from the sky.

OF LOVE

16

Oh! my, my, how sweet is love!
  First love, at its beginning.
If it be not approved above,
  It is a joyous sinning.

When I recall the happy hours
  I've spended with my dearie,
I wonder if the Throned Powers
  Have ever been so merry.

17

I know not when the night comes,
  For when the sun is gone,
Within my heart my Annie
  Still shines as brightly on.

Ye can not now benight me,
  Ye powers that roll the skies,
Tho' I have naught to light me,
  But my sweet Annie's eyes.

Should friend and fortune fail me,
  All else that's fair and bonnie,
Yet never a plaint would ail me,
  With my sweet Margery Annie.

18

Sweet kisses that enrich her lips,
  Love's ministers are ye.
The more do I extract ye thence,
  The more do there I see.

Did never bee such nectar find
  Where roses bud and blow,
As doth from sweet Permelia's lips
  In rich affluence flow.

Thro' many happy months of love
  Extracted thence have I,
Unnumbered kisses, but how fast,
  How fast they multiply.

19

O tell me what is bliss,
If it be not the sweet expression shy,
The merry twinkle in my lady's eye.
If it be not
The pulses hot,
The fervid beating of her throbbing heart,
That counts the seconds still with fear to part.
If it be not when heart to heart is pressed,
The marked excitement of her swelling breast,
The glowing face,
The long embrace,
The maddening rapture of a parting kiss—
Then tell me what is bliss.

20

Never comes a day so dreary
Never comes a night so weary,
    But I dream of thee.
Never comes a pang of sorrow,
Never wakes a clouded morrow,
But I fondly turn to borrow
    Solace, love, of thee.

Sweetly comes the matin ringing,
Softly blow the breezes, bringing
    Fragrance from the rose;
Sweeter, softer yet the calling
Of thy gentle murmurs falling,
As I see thee stand inthralling,
    With angelic pose.

21

What means the rose upon thy cheek,
  If its sweet fragrance must be wasted?
Wherefore the cherry on thy lip,
  If 'tis not to be sought and tasted?

Sweet founts of love are in thine eyes,
  Shall they be left to flow alone?
Upon thy breast snow-mountains rise,
  Wherefore should they lie there
        unknown?

22

O tell me what it is that gnaws
  The sinew of my heart away.
Can it be I have been exposed
  To some contagious malady?

No, I have met none but a maid,
  Fair as the morning light at dawn,
And only stopped for one short gaze
  At her sweet face, and then went on.

O tell me what it is that gnaws
  The sinew of my heart away.
Can it be I have been exposed
  To some contageous malady?

23

O saw ye not my Margery pass?
  She's gone beyond the river.
The loss of her bright eyes, alas,
  Will be a darkness ever.

Ye tiny birds, how can ye sing,
  How can ye mock my sorrow?
Is not my Margery lost to me?
  She'll come not back to-morrow.

O Life! O Time! O fickle Love!
  Are you not all conspiring,
To break this aching heart of mine
  That's bent now to expiring?

A thousand suns may glow above,
  And myriad stars may quiver;
But oh the loss of Margery's love
  Will be a darkness ever?

24

All sick with love and feeble is my heart,
Nor medicine, nor doctors may impart

Aught that hath power to lay my fevered soul,
As one dear smile form thee would cure the whole.

Pills that do not a kiss from thee contain
But add a fuel to my burning brain.

And from the healing fountains of thine eyes,
Thence would I draw my own sweet remedies.

25

O I have suffered many trials and pains,
  And worlds have rose and faded from my view,
And now to brighten what of life remains,
  Must I, Permelia, turn my gaze to you.

How sweet the vision that my eyes behold,
  Like to a goddess stripped and robeless stood.
Not all the world's expanse of coined gold
  Could move me as doth thy sweet womanhood.

Unon thy breast are parapets of snow,
  Or shall I call them but a garden green?
For never whiter do the lilies grow,
  And there the sweetest tiny pinks are seen.

26

Love's a spark
Sure to mark
Scars when it expires.
And with ease
Can it freeze
Every heart it fires.

Love's a flame,
Other name
May it not impart;
But with ease
Can it freeze
And impair the heart.

Love's a light
Burning bright
In a happy soul,
But with ease
Can it freeze
And destroy the whole.

27

Behold that curious jay above,
With jacket white and blue.
He wonders why it is, my love,
I sit so close to you.

Poor silly jay, have you no mate
To brood with you and fly;
And do you never sit as close
And kiss her—thus, as I?

28

Tarry not, tarry not,
  Sweet one in anguish,
Tho' we may marry not,
  Why should we languish?

Love, it is free with all,
  Blest be its makers.
Kisses agree with all
  Who are partakers.

Come let us count them up
  Quite to a million,
Then will we mount them up,
  To a quadrillion.

Then having kissed again,
  Just for good measure,
We will the sport begin
  O'er for the pleasure.

29

Thou'rt a wild rose in the morning,
  Or an eglantine.
Thou'rt a pansy at the noon day,
  Sweet Permelia mine.

But when kindly Night her mantle
  Draws about with care,
Prone upon thy bed and robeless,
  Thou'rt a lily fair.

30

Truth is not flattery,
  Love is not folly.
Verily I worship thee,
  Sweet Irish Polly.

Fairest of buds that blow,
  Roses and holly;
Sweeter than all that grow
  Is Irish Polly.

Be I in misery,
  Be I as jolly,
Still do I worship thee,
  Sweet Irish Polley.

31

Oh, my own heart's no longer mine alas,
Singe I did lately yonder casement pass.
There sweetly singing as a mocking-bird,
In fervid notes, a happy maid I heard,
As I did softly by her window pass,
And my own heart's no longer mine, alas!

As some vast wood springs into action strong,
Swept by a passing hurricane along;
Or as the ocean, silent, calm and warm,
Is lashed to fury by a passing storm,
So moves my love, this maiden, as I pass,
And my own heart's no longer mine, alas!

Sweetly dreaming, sweetly dreaming,
  O my lady fair!
Every sense of rapture teeming,
  Tells me thou art there.

Art thou waking, surely waking?
  Hearest thou my song?
Ere the rosy morn be breaking
  Tarry not so long.

Here's an arm to guard and cherish,
  Fly, oh fly to me!
Here's a heart shall never perish,
  But for love of the!

33

I found a rosebud in the wood,
  Where bluebells nod and quiver,
Secreted from the path it stood,
  Beside a flowing river.
Sweet Annie was the blushing rose,
  Fair Lawrence was the bower.
The fairest of the fair that grows,
  The wildwood and the flower.

Her cheeks were tint as petals blown
  And full upon the mountains.
Her voice was ever music's tone,
  Her eyes were treasure fountains.
For she had grown as Nature's child,
  Where bud and bloom are blowing;
The sweetest thing in Nature's wild,
In Nature's garden growing.

But spring may come and summer go,
  Forever and forever,
Yet never will that flower grow
  Again beside the river,
For thieving years have plundered me
  And stole away my Annie,
And never will another be
  So modest and so bonnie.

34

Do you see that little daisy
  Nodding where the flowers blow?
There's a story and a mystery
  That the world will never know.

Do you see that airy maiden
  Dancing by the locust tree?
There's a hidden virgin sweetness
  That the world will never see.

Sage and prophet know the future,
  As to man the past is known;
But to know that maiden's sweetness,
  God has granted me alone.

35

By the river,
By the river,
Birch and oak and willows quiver,
Weeping all the day.
For a maiden,
Sainted maiden,
Sad and silent, sorrow laden,
That has passed away.

With appalling
Birds are calling,
Leaf and bud and bow are falling,
And the fragrant bloom.
Nature weeping
For the sleeping,
With a wreathe of vinelets creeping,
Crowns the silent toomb.

But the sorrow
Of the morrow,
Vainly will I seek to barrow
Solace for its pain.
By the river,
By the river,
There my heart is lost forever,
There must it remain.

MISCELLANEOUS

36

Friendly faces
From their places
By the fire's glow,
All are parted,
Broken-hearted.
That I used to know.

Weeping willows
Guard their pillows,
Sighing on the shore,
For a mirthter
And a laughter
That is heard no more.

Chimneys standing
By the landing,
Mark the cottage ground,
Where the smiling
Years beguiling,
Went a joyous round.

But the faces
From their places
Where they smiled of yore.
Have departed,
Broken-hearted,
To the other shore.

37

Join every hand,
My fairy band,
And see ye lightly trip it.
Here is a rose
With nectar flows,
And here are we to sip it.

This tiny bell,
Our citadel,
Do ye not overstrain it.
Here is a cup
May we fill up,
And here are we to drain it.

38

Again I plod
The matted sod,
Neglected by the plough.
Where once the wheat
Grew at my feet
The weed is growing now.

The spacious barn
That held the corn
Has mouldered to decay.
Two chimneys stand
To mark the land
Where oft we used to play.

But all are gone,
And I alone
Of that gay group remain,
To haunt the ways
Of former days,
Sad wanderer of the plain.

Not all who sing are jolly,
  Not all who weep are sad.
The half of man is folly,
  The other half is mad.

Why care I aught for trouble,
  Or vanities that be;
For life is but a bubble
  Will burst upon the sea.

40

Gallop, gallop over hill,
  Gallop through the valley,
Gallop, gallop to the field
  Where the troopers rally.
Wife and mother in the rear,
  Weeping are and praying.
Shot and cannon in the van,
  Howling are and braying.

Gallop, gallop thro' the field
  Where the muskets rattle,
Noble steed and gallant rider,
  To the scene of battle.
Shot and shell and cannon ball
  Flashing are and flying,
And a thousand on the plain
  Moaning are and dying.

Gallop, gallop from the scene
  By the bloody river,
Empty came the saddle home,
  But the rider never.
Empty came the saddle home,
  Thro' the shot prevailing,
And a wife and aged mother,
  Weeping are and wailing.

41

Here's a baby's letter
  Full of sobs and joys.
What a lengthy discourse
  From the world of toys.

What is this I see, sir,
  Scribbled here at large?
What a curious B, sir,
  Scrawled upon the marge!

It may be a record,
  Crimpled all and curled,
Of his recent journey
  From the other world.

Had I power to read it,
  Surely I could see
Whence thy tiny spirit,
  Little baby Lee.

42

Merrily, merrily goes the day,
  Merrily goes the night.
So quickly runs this life away,
  Who would not have it bright?

With hopeful step we trip the green
  Of life's inviting fields,
But oh how soon upon the scene
  The blast of autumn steals!

Then, heigh ho! merrily go!
  Sing a song of folly;
So quickly runs this life away,
  Who would not have it jolly?

43

Little laughing maiden,
Let thy heart be laden
  With a modesty.
Other charms may grace thee,
Other arms embrace thee,
But none dare deface thee,
  If thou modest be.

Modesty's a flower,
Never fails to tower
  'Bove intruding weeds.
Wouldst thou save the weeping
Of a thorny reaping,
When thy name is sleeping,
  Sow not Follie's seeds.

But, wee dimpled maiden,
Let thy heart be laden
  With a modesty.
Other charms may grace thee,
Other arms embrace thee,
But none dare deface thee,
  If thou modest be.

44

I wandered by the lonely sea,
  I loitered by a river;
And gravely did they say to me,
  "'Twill not be so forever."

I stood beneath the vaulted sky,
  And saw its myriads quiver;
How gravely too they seemed to cry,
  "'Twill not be so forever."

O know ye not presumptious man,
  All earthly ties must sever?
O hear ye not that warning ban,
  "'Twill not be so forever?"

45

Gone, gone, gone,
  Scenes of my childhood.
Gone are the green fields,
  Gone is the wildwood.
Bright were the days then,
  Sweet were the flowers,
Sadly my heart now
  Turns to those hours.
Gone, gone, gone,
  Scenes of my childhood.
Gone are the green fields,
  Gone is the wildwood.

Gone is the old spring
Where the stream trickled,
Gone are the ripe fields
  Where the men sickled.
Gone are the birds all,
  Gone from their places.
Gone is the old house,
  Gone are the faces.
Gone, gone, gone,
  Scenes of my childhood.
Gone are the green fields,
  Gone is the wildwood.

46

Sweet was the sound when I did hear agone,
A peal of laughter from the village lawn,
When joyfully went Sport and Mirthter round,
  Sweet was the sound.

Sweet was the sound of some low tinkling bell
As I have heard it from a distant dell,
Where tiny buds and buttercups abound,
  Sweet was the sound.

Sweet was the sound, oh doubly sweet were they!
The first faint accents of Love's happy day.
When by a word two souls in one were bound,
Sweet was the sound.

But sweeter far, oh sweeter far to me!
Would be an accent from eternity—
To hear again my mother's voice around,
Sweet were the sound.

47

They stood by the cold water's side,
A pale little girl and a boy—
A once happy father's own pride,
A once soothing mother's own joy.
They asked for a morsel of bread,
They asked for a moment to warm;
But all that the good people said,
Was run along home from the storm.

They wandered away in the dark,
They wandered far into the night,
They went by the lake and the park,
They went by the river of light.
The land of the living said go,
The land of the dead said come—
Come out of the sleet and the snow,
Come out of the dirt and the slum.

Time passed—and the voice of spring
Called back the birds with the flowers,
To twitter, to chirp and to sing,
To build in the fragrant bowers.
The roses grew up in a mass,
The vine added wealth to the scene;
The daisies were thick in the grass,
And two little graves grew green.

48

Age is stealing
All the feeling
From my wearied heart.
Short the measure
Of the pleasure
That my days impart.

Life will sever,
Never, never
May I feel the joy,
All the blisses
And the kisses,
That I knew a boy.

49

There's medic for every man's notion,
There's arsnic and stricnic and lye;
But none have the strength of this potion,
The pure sweet spirits of rye.

And when you continue to sigh on,
And feel like you'd prefer to die,
You'll find it a drug to rely on,
The pure sweet spirits of rye.

The regular susidics are quicker,
Their dispatch I will not deny;
But none have the strength of this liquor,
The pure sweet spirits of rye.

Riding on the railroad,
What a pleasant journey!
Clickety-tick,
Tickety-click,
Goes the train to Smyrna.
With a creaking and a cracking,
Over rill and runnel,
And a most suspicious smacking
Going through the tunnel.
Riding on the railroad,
What a pleasant journey!
Clickety-tick,
Tickety-click,
Goes the train to Smyrna.

By a hundred little cities,
Yet they never tarry,
Clipety-slip,
Slipety-clip,
Gliding through the prairie.
Thro' the hills and valleys fleeting,
Over rill and runnel,
Constantly are noses meeting,
Going thro' the tunnel.
Riding on the railroad,
What a pleasant journey.
Clickety-tick,
Tickety-click,
Goes the train to Smyrna.